

BOOKS  
THE  
or 3

# MYTHOS

THE FINAL TOUR

JOHN NEY  
RIEBER  
PETER  
SNEJBJERG



Mr. Belton: "Yes, thanks, Obi!"



# MYTHOS

BOOK TWO: UNCUT

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WHAT'S IT TO YOU? YOU'RE  
DARKER-SKIN, AREN'T YOU?  
I MEAN, YOU LOOK  
LIKE YOU'VE GOT ALL  
YOU CAN HANDLE  
FOR NOW...



THAT DOESN'T MEAN  
YOU HAVE TO GO

SURE  
IT DOES



LATER... WE'RE GOING TO  
BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH  
OTHER. THERE ARE A FEW  
THINGS YOU OUGHT TO  
KNOW.

I DON'T  
FEEL I WANT  
LIKE I SAID, I'M  
NOT REAL.



I WOULD HAVE  
FOR YOU  
OUT OF FLOWERS,  
CASE FLOWERS AND  
PIECES OF  
CORPSE...

BUT...



I'M SUPPOSED TO  
BREAK YOUR HEART  
AND SMILE ON THE  
PIECES AND I  
GUESS I HAVE...  
I'M DOING ONLY  
SO FAR.

AND WHEN  
YOU'RE DEAD, I'LL  
GO BACK TO BEING  
FLOWERS  
AGAIN.











I walked up on  
the beach.

The sun happened my eyes so hard that  
it was as well as night, for so that I  
can see.

But I'm looking for her.

Inside me, something  
green and knowing said  
I've got no other choice.

Not all of  
her.

Her body I know where  
to find. Ask anybody with  
a backpack (yikes).

It's her heart the  
dream and knowing  
that me looking for.

I'd like to know  
whose side of a  
beach this is. It's  
cold as springtime,  
and where's the  
sand?

But her heart's  
got to be around  
here somewhere.  
I've already looked  
everyplace else.

It's hidden in one  
of these rocks,  
maybe, or under  
neath a broken  
shell....

Or down under of  
the shore line, where  
the big grey rocks  
are putting their  
tooths up straight.

That makes  
sense.

I don't think she  
would have a better  
for heart. Not  
not again.

Longer she  
just found  
it again....

And frequently  
things pluck up  
riskless prizes.

Only intention  
places it in line.

I find a lot of junk  
on the cold side of  
the tide line.

Mythologies with  
rummy elements of  
truth. On you  
handwriting

Carrie too want to  
know. Emily called  
out. Shopped symbols

Clear window  
windows with  
body just like  
I made.

But no hints  
Not even a hint.

There is only  
one heart. Here,  
the one that  
won't stop.

John 11



It's not a heart. It's  
a drunk of driftwood.

Cold.  
wet.

Dead.



But the one-eyed  
man trapped it long  
down beside it.

It is impossible  
he says. For it.



I don't want to fix it.  
I don't want to break it.

But I know I've  
got no choice.



Go I carve.  
And I carve  
and I carve...



And I'm really trying  
to make it be it isn't  
the kind you put on  
at times.

I'm trying  
hard as  
I can...



It doesn't  
matter.

The stick  
wants to be  
something else.



Then I asked up...  
Oh yeah, strung  
out...

In the real  
world. Lucky  
me.

Outside my pretty  
new home, really  
front door.

My oldest kid, Mander's  
overhead recording  
studio - yeah - quiet - home.



IT'S ALL  
WRONG.  
EVERYTHING'S  
GOING FUCKING  
WRONG.

I'm  
crazy. I  
DON'T DO  
JUNK. I  
DON'T.

I DON'T  
DO BUSINESS  
JUNK.

I DON'T  
FUCK ON MY  
HOMESIDE.







Yeah...

Pain had decided that  
it was even season on a  
trip record.

The scolded ones,  
gravelly.

How,  
Babe?

How's  
Painful?

Oh, nothing much. Just  
trying to cheer myself  
up. Stay focused!

I don't know how  
but it really hurts to  
be me today. Don't know  
what must be up to  
something...

Yeah, yeah, yeah. How  
it, how's that? The one  
who's having the  
don't want to say.

Oh, don't sweat  
it. Just try not to forget  
about all right? Life  
is painful enough  
as it is.

Listen, sweetie—  
would you mind if I  
stopped by on my  
way back to the  
beach house?

Man, no,  
nothing like  
that...

Man... God-  
damn childproof  
caps--

Oh, sorry no,  
this is about the  
and we've got to crank  
the back of your  
up to 700, and soon, if  
we're doing to--

Really?  
Great! See you  
soon, then.

Painful







FROM THESE OLD FACTORIES  
GROW POWER PLANTS

FROM THE  
FIELDS WHERE  
THEY GROW THICKS  
FOOD



IF IT WOULDN'T BE SO, I  
WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST  
TO SEE THAT  
THEY ARE IT IS  
PERFECT WHICH MEANS  
GEEK... ALIENS

OH, YEAH,  
SURE

THINK ABOUT  
IT, AN ALIEN  
PERSONALITY, IT'S  
NOT A GOOD THING  
TO BE  
CAPTURED BY  
THEIR OF IT.



I IMMEDIATELY  
WANTED  
THAT...

I CAN'T  
BY MYSELF  
THAT IT WOULD  
BE DONE!



OH, YEAH, SURE, SURE  
YOU AND THE REST  
OF THE BOARD OF  
DIRECTORS, YOU'VE  
ALL GOT YOUR  
REASONS, AND THEY  
ALL SOUND...



ANY, SURE  
IF YOU'RE NOT THE  
TOO DEAR, BUT  
AFTER THAT, I  
NEED...

I HAVE A  
FEELING  
ABOUT  
THEY ARE  
NOT...

SHOULD  
A FEELING?



YEAH, A FEELING  
YOU GOT IT

THINK YOU  
MIGHT BE  
FOR THAT?

Pain had  
a point.

Torrell's Harley did  
burn some oil, if he  
didn't spend a few  
days a week tinkering  
with it.

And he wasn't  
blasting all that  
particular about  
ignoring his throat  
the afternoon  
when he was on  
the road.





**THE**

WILL MONROE, I  
EXPECT THERE IS A  
SPECIAL PLACE IN AFRICA  
FOR GDS WHO BUILD  
SUSTAINABLE LIVES

100-1000  
 100-1000  
 100-1000  
 100-1000

STREET NEWS  
THAT YOU'VE  
NEVER SEEN

100

**I DON'T  
LIVE HERE, BUT  
I'M JUST  
GOING TO.**

YOU ARE, A FEW OF THE  
LOCAL, FINE PEOPLE I USED  
TO KNOW BELIEVED HE IS  
CAPABLE OF THIS BEHAVIOR.  
AND WITH SOME  
MORPHINE HE'D GET  
ABOUT ANY



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DEPENDS ON HOW YOU  
LOOK AT IT. HE GOT A SIXTY-  
FOUR-THOUSAND-DOLLAR ADVANCE FOR  
HIS FIRST BOOK, BUT I DOUBT  
HE'LL WRITE THE SEQUEL.

\* **Abstracts:** *Abstracts of the 1998 Annual Meeting of the American Psychological Association, Washington, DC, August 1-5, 1998.*

CAN I, ANYONE  
 A BIT MORE, JONNY?  
 WILL YOU TELL HER  
 IT'S ALL RIGHT  
 FOR HER TO  
 MARRY?



THE BOOK GOD. THAT'S AN  
INFLAMMABLE GOD. I BURNED  
DOWN IN ABBAYFORDST

JUSTIMON WHAT  
YOU CAN DO WITH PAIN  
AND PRESS-ON NAILS  
AND A LITTLE  
PATIENCE...



ABOUT THE  
BOOK, JOHN --

I WON'T  
WRITE ANOTHER  
WORDS. I'LL  
STAY TO GOD



HE, JOHN  
HONOR, JOHN. AND  
I'VE GOT TO --

SURE  
YOU'RE  
INTERESTING-  
TAKING



SO,  
CASE...

HOW  
LONG HAVE  
YOUR SOUL  
BEEN  
SLEEPING?



A LONG  
TIME



AND HAVE YOU  
EVER TRIED TO  
BURN IT  
DOWN?

YES, I EVEN BURN  
IT DOWN... JUST TO SEE IF  
IT WOULD BURN. IT  
DIDN'T.

I DON'T  
KNOW IT'S ALIVE. JOHN  
IN A WHILE. AND I  
TALK TO IT SOMETIMES  
BUT I'D ALWAYS SORT  
OF FIGURED IT  
WAS DEAD

TILL  
TODAY





And you did.

Well, I did.

I sat at the edge of the kitchen, and spilled my guts to him over tea.

Adam's like kick, don't do it, but he's like, 'I got too into it, though.'

I didn't want to wind up doing a Ben book.



Maybe I shouldn't have died, then.

"Adam Hansen, the Owner of Adam Casey Clay" is in the third or fourth printing, now.

I mean, have you seen the trailers for the film version? Yeah.

ADAM CASEY CLAY  
1968-1995

Amused...

I told Comanchero stuff I'd never told anyone about, started with my police apprenticeship.

How my cousin Gregorio burned me for being at the roof of some other guy's place and was a Friend of the Family.

How I used to get confused because people but me could see my direction, because the desert is flat and there was dust.



How the one-eyed man taught me to be a newspaper's boy, when I was fired. How the man with one hand used to let me beat him before anything.



I told him what it was like to come back to the station, when the old family got together around a table again.

How I'd followed him to work one morning, hiding and sneaking, and caught him like a little fat mouse...



And watched him teach a bunch of people how to fight, how to shoot, how to drive and cut things.



How he forgot how to smile when Uncle Sam made him a citizen again, and took to charming us with the trailer that he drove into town to look around.

And doing a lot of very stuff with the machine. And showing me what he was home.



until the little green  
girl who lived in my  
Tigerlily tree dropped  
me to ground or knock-  
towel on her head



I think maybe  
she had a crush  
on me. I'm not  
sure

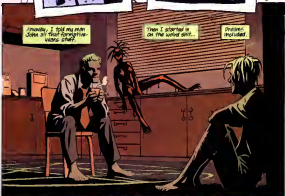
I sure as hell  
had one on her



Anyway, I told my man  
John all that romantic-  
vase crap.

Then I started in  
on the velvet dirt...

Oranges  
included.



and

YOU'RE GOT SOMEONE  
WRITTEN ALL OVER YOU CASE  
AND YOU'RE BY JESSE  
JAKE

SOUNDS  
LIKE WE ALL  
ARE. ACTUALLY





YEAH, JORD  
AND JIM  
RODRIGUEZ.



MAVED YOU'RE NOT, BUT  
YOU'RE SURE AS HELL JOHNSON.

POSSIBLY DREAMS OLD  
ONE-EYE, UNLESS HE HAVES  
TALKED TO



HIM BRINGING YOU OUT WHEN  
YOU WERE A JOCK, THAT'S NOT  
EXACTLY CHARMING,  
*direct.*

JORD'S NOT THE SORT  
OF GUY WHO JAMES FIDELL  
PLAYS... UNLESS THERE'S  
SOMETHING IN IT FOR  
HIM.



BUT HE  
LIKES JOHNSON,  
THE OLD BARBER  
DOES--



ORDIE  
JOHN, AND  
JOHN



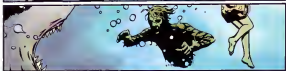
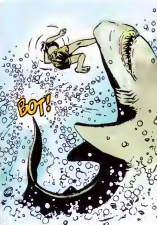
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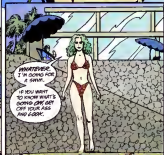


FINALLY











NOT FOR  
ADDRESSING

MAYBE  
FOR FUN?



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK?  
THE GIRL IS  
PROFESSOR



PROFESSOR  
HELL, WHAT YOU MEAN  
IS SHE KICKED YOUR  
DEMON ASS.

AND  
LOOKING ON  
LOOKS OF NIGHT  
AND LOW  
FUCKING

YES  
SHE WERE  
AND PRETTY  
FUCKING  
HOT



I ASKED  
YOU WHAT  
ADDRESSING

WIGHT TELL  
YOU IF I ASKING  
BOMB, BUT I  
DIDN'T ASK  
SUCH

WE  
NEITHER,  
BUT I KNOW  
SUCH  
TALKING



THE LAST TIME  
I GOT THROUGH THAT  
HARD?

AN  
ANGEL  
DID IT







It was all mine, keeping  
out with Coast Guard  
but I couldn't do it all day.

John and I had an  
appointment with  
a woman.

It's almost ten now  
and we're here, at  
John's. Then all  
sudden? A flash,  
nothing.

When I looked  
that day, I saw  
what it was...

Oh, I saw  
the house...

House?

What you mean?  
Someone who I...

Someone.

You don't know,  
what did they  
say that day?



Could, just be the best bloody  
party - you've ever seen.  
Someplace where never  
down, because he never lets go.

Oh, I saw people who  
drinking and on the beach,  
drinking and sharing  
with the dolphins.

And the better's always  
left, and the dolphins  
are always there.

You never know.

It's a funny old  
world we're living  
and the world...

And, she says.

And in truth, it's not like  
to think she's clear,  
there's others who  
think the same.

So you know your  
own mind, mate.



And Case?

Just because you can see the myths who hide themselves?

Adam?  
I'm Nolan Vine.

That doesn't mean you can recognize the hit who's in Adam's sight.

I HATE TO BE THE ONE TO BRING THIS TO YOU, BUT...

BUT...

So take it from your great John...

What is Adam?

BRIAN TERRELL WAS CAUGHT IN A ROOM-ROOM, GOING THROUGH TERRIBLE...

SOME TERRIBLE AND THE WHOLE THING WAS YOUR FRIEND TRIED TO STOP IT.

There's one last way to get a Super-Natural being from a natural one.

SAY HE ALREADY HAS IT, TOO...

Word of course, though...

Don't try it on beyond your skin.

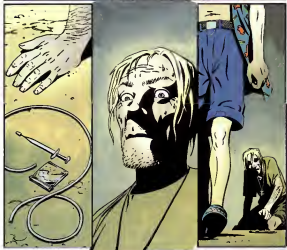
SORRY, BROTHER, I KNOW IT ASKED, BUT...

WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M ASKING...

POW









MOTHERFUCKER--



Push on your  
toes, and the shit  
this fucking  
shit--

I'm not  
pushing it, and  
of it, you  
hell, no?



AGAIN--

DOWN  
IT!



IT'S  
JUST AGAIN,  
I CAN'T DO  
IT--

Oh,  
yeah...

That's  
what I  
said.



and you  
know what?

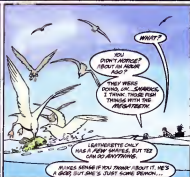
I could have  
handled it.



If I'd  
wanted to.

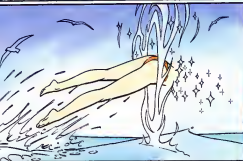














ARRRR... SUN.

REAL  
SUN.



YOU'VE  
GOT SOME FUNNY  
IDEAS ABOUT  
REAL...

THIS  
PLACE IS  
HAIRY.



GGRRR.

DO YOU  
SPELL  
SOME  
THING?



HAVE  
YOU COME TO  
ADMIT?



I AM THE  
LORD OF THE  
HUNT.



The street is rubbing  
Flooding. Intimate  
and endless.

Backs are rigid  
stare and slow.

I'm looking for the  
teardrop on the back  
of my hand, but I  
can't find there.

I'm too soft.  
About.



There something left  
down the, something  
cooks.

And ripples as I lean,  
for once I know I'm  
drowning.

Because I've  
not in and impossible.

I'm all wrapped up in Stockholm, and  
I'm something.



Kill it with me.  
I've dreamed  
for both of us.

And someone  
else is following...

Someone I can't  
quite see, because  
they're not here.

A whisper, a blur  
of falling grass  
and fate...



She wants me to touch  
her, but she doesn't  
know how.

There's no accident inside  
her. She's never been  
born.

She doesn't know  
how to reach for  
that.

Life is good  
inside the  
Stockholm. He's  
strong.

And it's like  
he's pouring  
himself while  
he moves.

And he feels...



He feels  
everything.

The agony glare and  
silo of the latter

The kiss of the  
salt orders in it

The pleading froth at  
its surface, and the  
secret just below

And this is skin...

Oh, god

Suddenly I realize that I've  
gazed into her a thousand  
times. I've pulled and pushed  
her. I should see

But I've never really  
touched her before

Damn it, I've  
never come  
close.

I don't  
know I  
can find

And I hope the  
of heaven... for know  
able to feel the  
world, that's what's  
gone.

Where's a match?  
Give me one.  
Where's the fuck-  
ing kerosene?

I'd burn the  
hellhouse down  
if I could

He doesn't just  
sit there with his  
body, that man.

That's what

Then, somehow,  
somehow, her feet  
are hitting him.

And his feet  
being hurt and sorry,  
and starts being  
crazy...

All he's got is his  
backpack and is a  
night.

He's got no more  
brains than an  
atom.

And he exposes  
me and for my  
fate.

He puts me deeper  
into him. And I  
see.

I laugh so hard  
it almost makes  
me up, saying  
that.

I feel superior.  
Crazier. And I  
forgot him for  
being able to  
touch.

Then it comes  
to me, through  
me.

Like ash in sprinkling,  
settling through  
green wood.

His purpose.

He only knows and  
will forget a handful  
of things.

Through  
their  
hearts.

So the dawn  
foot is going  
after rain's.





10,  
JENNA?

CRAP WHERE IS  
THE BITCH?

SHE'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE HANGING  
ON YOU



WEREN'T YOU TWO SUPPOSED TO BE  
KEEPING AN EYE ON LITTLE  
MISS POPPERS?

WHERE  
WE? HANG  
TO ME,

NO SHIT,  
BOMB THOUGHT  
YOU' WERE  
ON TASK



BUT  
WHAT THE  
HELL, ARE  
YOU--

WHY



AREO!  
NOW DID SHE  
GET THERE?

GET WHERE?  
WHERE'D THERE  
TO SHE?

IN THE  
OCEAN,  
JENNA--

GET SHE'S NOT  
STUCK, SHE CAN  
GET WET, SHE WON'T  
MELT--

SHE'S NOWHERE  
NEAR THE WATER, SHE'S  
IN THE FUCKING OCEAN



THE CRAP  
ONE, PAH,  
THE  
CHICKENS





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# UNCUT

ADAM CASE'S ROCK CAREER IS ON THE UPSWING.  
HE'S GOT A RAZOR-SHARP AGENT WHO LITERALLY HAS NO HEART,  
AN INHUMANLY ATTRACTIVE NEW LOVER AND A HOT NEW VIDEO  
EVERYONE WHO HEARS HIS MUSIC WANTS A LITTLE PIECE OF HIM.

DEMONS. BEASTS. HUNTER GODS.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY CASE IS FALLING TO PIECES.

HE'S LOST HIS FRIENDS. HE'S LOST HIS WAY.  
AND HE'S LOST HIS SOUL.

BUT NOW HIS SOUL IS TRYING TO FIGHT BACK.

Suggested for  
Mature Readers